I had in mind about her! Met Lady Lewis once, & after taking a good look at me, she said "Hm, you're ah very well my dear, but you're not a patch on your mother." I seldom met any one who knew her without having this tribute laid me. NYPL — But as I began by saying, I never wrote these letters; they flamed up, looking at the boys at Rodmell.

I am, sorely & truly, again in robust health, but with leave to settle this week + despatch a few dreary jobs, such as finding a new house. And then next week — Will you suggest a time? & will you really come & begin again 2 — for I feel that we were torn asunder, just as we were opening our mouths to say something of the gravest importance.

A line, anyhow: & I will

Keep the day — yr Virginia

Rotn 2.4.63

Move to
01 yrmouth.

15th March.

52, Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Sunday
March 17th 1930

As you say, & apparently mean, that you don't want me to write a letter, I, of course, begin to wish to — a wish I seldom feel now. But I have this reason — I want to know if it would conceivably suit you to come to tea next Tuesday, or next Thursday? These are the drawbacks — On Tuesday there will be a young man — very clever, kind, nice & all that — who would be thrilled to the marrow by meeting you. On Thursday if you came at 4·30 or 5, you would, I think, escape everything but some relics of the

Scent of Lady Colefax, who is running in & out: after which we should be alone. A time to say what if either (& there are the only chances next week) is all I ask. The week after — but that's too far ahead. NYPL

Where can I begin all the things that might be said. My mother? Your Niece? The hermaphrodite? Being vain, I will broach the subject of beauty — just for a moment — & burst out in ecstasy at your defence of me as a very ugly writer — which is what I am — but an honest one, driven like a harpoon whale to the surface in a short — such is the effort — agonish to me of finding a phrase — & then they

(that is saying what I mean)

(2

52, Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Say I write beautifully! How could I write beautifully when I am always trying to say something that has not been said, & should be said for the first time, exactly. So I relinquish prematurely, leave it as a legacy to the next generation. My heart has been to increase their stock in trade, perhaps. But to leave this fascinating subject — Yes I would like to know all about your visit. Why briefly? Haven't you got a ream of paper which you might just as well fill, sitting over your fire (what sort of fire?) in your room (what sort of room?) alone? For what other purpose

than to write letters to me brimful of amusement & Excitement were
you gifted with a pen like a streak of lightning in fact Kent?
And the more odds & ends you stuff in the better I like it, for
I have a habit of making you up in bed at night. Let NYPL
imagine Ethel Smyth, I say to myself. We will begin with the
Servant bringing in the breakfast &c &c. Marriage — Yes? —
What about marriage? I married Leonard Woolf in 1912,
I think, & almost immediately were ill for 3 years. Nevertheless
we have nothing to complain of. Gosh — I will save you
scenes from my past one day. But I can't take another
blue slip now, so must trust that you will
Continue shooting letters into Hilltop Boxes with a fling of
your wrist. Better still, that you may come & see me —
I am hoping not to have to leave this house after all. Yrs Virginia

Rote 3-4-33

52 T.S. .. Sunday. March 30
1930

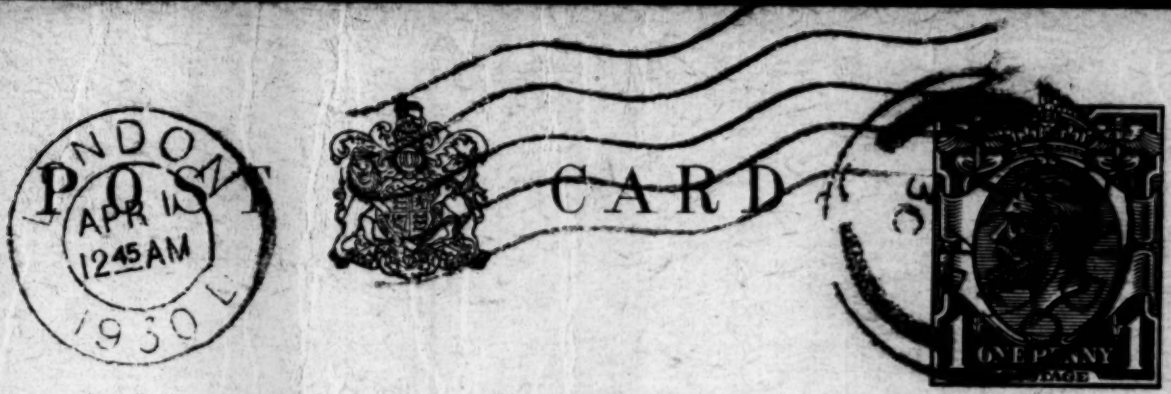
What I have to offer this week (not for God's sake – no I am not religious & dont come up/ on purpose) are Wednesday 4. alone: Thursday 4.30 not alone, but with Leonard & a very good pupil Arthur Waley Cambridge don who would repay a tree for.

I'm ashamed to let my week run to tatters, like this: I'm feeling like a trout in mid stream. I'm trying to dispatch a chapter, or a passage, in a book: my head is nodded in it: meanwhile the telephone rings & my friends stream past. But dont

take this Megabe & manticulate phrasing to mean
that you are a weed or a waterfly or whatever
it signifies the bother of people who flitter & NYPL
twitter & must come & want to hunt out. No —
However, since you have, so you say, & I incline
to believe you, a profound & penetrating insight
into character, I shant bother with explanations.
And what is the apple on the bough?

Virginia

Rota 2.4.63



Dame Ethel Smyth

Coign

Woking

Surrey

NYPL

Rec'd 24.4.63

52 J. S. 31 March 1930

Delighted for week come
Thursday - No.)
Think) must take a
walk - & let my
ideas settle on
Wednesday - too much
talk - But
my appetite for letters
is measureless to
man. V. W.

Sunday 52 TS April 6th 1930

Good God, Ethel, I daresay you're perfectly right. I daresay I'm a d-d intellectual. I ~~don't~~ know nothing about myself. And you coming in with your [illegible] & insight probably see what's what in a flash. The party meant my choice — I warned you.

But I think I see what you mean. — The Lucases. I've struggled & rebelled against them all my life, but their integrity always makes me their slave. Much though I hate Cambridge, bitterly though I've suffered from it, I still respect it. I suppose that even without Edwardian, or Dan, I am naturally & thus narrow, ascetic, puritanical bred — oh what a bore; & its too late now. It can't be helped.

Fancy he annoyed to see how I get [illegible] worry when I am suddenly made aware of my own character. For months I forget all about it, & then some one says But you're the most appalling liar I've ever met, & I rush to the glass (this sheet is a glass) & cry I'd been told my dress was upside down, or my nose bleeding. As I told you,

I am not a good ~~dog~~ Psychologist.

The root of things I take is when you twist up a note out of a cover in the train —

That life, I say. And I am only a Vivisector.

I happened the other day to read an old article of my own, & I said "good God what a prig that woman must be!"

I think I must go to some more parties — perhaps they would help. Only I hate dressing — coming into town.

Well good night — I'm just back in a flurry from Rudmell & found your note.

Virginia

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

1530
2 Oct

I am not a good ~~dog~~ psychologist.
The worst thing I like is when you twist
up a note out of a cover in the train —
That like. I say. And I am only a
Spectator. I happened the other day to read an
old article of mine. & I said Good God,
What a prig that woman must be!"
I think I must go to some more parties —
perhaps they would help. Only I hate dressing —
Coming into town.
Well good night — I'm just
back in a flurry from Rodmell &
found you note.

Virginia

NYPL
Rota 2.4.63

1530
Dec

(1)

Monks Orchard, 22nd April
Redmell.

Many congratulations. Thus often to your publisher.
Why enough. I did precisely the same thing —
Chesterton wrote for a long while & tore it up, owing I
think to its Egotism. Lord, how serious it
makes me to think of the reams you destroyed! Please
finish the ashes up & re-write them. You can't
bore me: it's that what you were thinking.
I have just re-lit the fire, in order to be able to write
this. And I may tell you that I cooked lunch today &
made a loaf of really Egbert bread. We have our
young widow lady the day — & she goes & leaves us;
Thus is very nearly the ideal life I think; but we
have our crosses; I mean people drop in. They
are divine people, with whom everything is bearable
(& how can you suppose that you & your nakedness
could shock? — if you heard us — no I'm
ashamed. Even to sketch our bi-sexual conversations.
You must revise your estimate of our morals
radically) Everything is bearable I was
saying: but I want silence. Today for the first time,

I have seen nobody, & my book, a very flickering flame at the moment, begin to draw. I don't know of music needs a shelter round it. Writing is so damnably unbelievable & atmosphere. If I could sit here for three months alone, saying the same things, doing the same things, day by day - then suddenly a few pages would be wholly written in the end. Alibi; I shall go back to London & shiver it all to bits. Whatever wants for writing is habit; I am like one of those land fish (we have a word) which is all at the shadow of a leaf - But I'm beginning egotistical again, & no doubt shall have to burn them.

No I can't be bothered to burn it.

Well, fog be damned May 24th is the day - I have left you alone in the house, & this too cold to go & get it. (This house, in Cumberland, contains two other rooms, in which I live; it contains a large room where we sit & eat, where the gramophone, pipes & our feet up on the side of the fire, & read (Indian books). But then I may have to go Travelling our new books in the West. We have no traveller this year, & are going to try it ourselves, in the car. It may be that week: it may be the one before. Bath. Exeter. Penzance. Lands End.

Well, what are you doing? I suppose Rottingdean is over; & you are back at

NYPL

Rec'd 2.4.63

working, carrying on the mysterious existence which I make up sometimes, in spite of the truth of your saying that I know less about human nature than anyone you ever met. (In the Egotistical letter beg the way I told you not to read the Common reader – mostly school girls article, done obediently to celebrate the Great Dead, for the Times: & it very submissive & long winded. They had to cover 4 columns. &c.)

Are you writing? How does one write music? And when do you sit; & what do you say when you see them? Perhaps at Rottingdean you saw Lady Jones. I like to think so.

Yes sir. Our society is one of the finest I have ever met – to return to that. Even with Clive Bell & his asceticism as you know it (& I love & respect, but I wonder ~~I have~~ Duncan, & have dreamed, the most intimate details of a regular life. He & his wife are separated. I had my lovely Miss Lowe yesterday, & my darling, who is ecstatically, as the way of models and women, Even lovelier: also Clive Bell; & Duncan Grant; & we talked for 3 hours without a break.

Well, I can't get warm enough to